

VOL. 8 NO. 8

Shadow Comics

10¢

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

NOVEMBER 1948



THE SHADOW
SOLVES A
20 YEAR OLD CRIME!

52 PAGES — THE THRILL BUY IN COMICS

The Shadow IN THE FOUR GIANTS OF AMSTERDAM

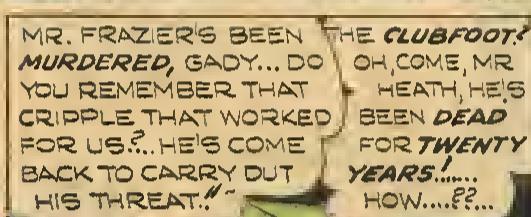
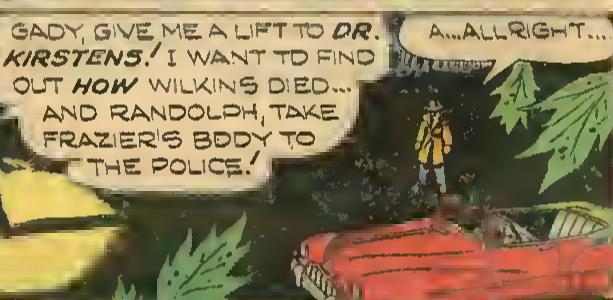


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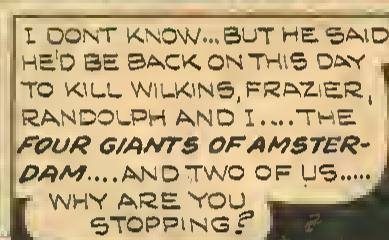
Printed in the U. S. A.

WE'RE NEXT, HEATH!...HE'S
GOTTEN TWO OF THE FOUR
GIANTS OF AMSTERDAM...
AND WE'RE NEXT!!!

STOP IT!!...GET
A HOLD ON
YOURSELF! THIS
IS....LISTEN!!!



OH, COME, MR
HEATH, HE'S
BEEN DEAD
FOR TWENTY
YEARS!...
HOW?...??

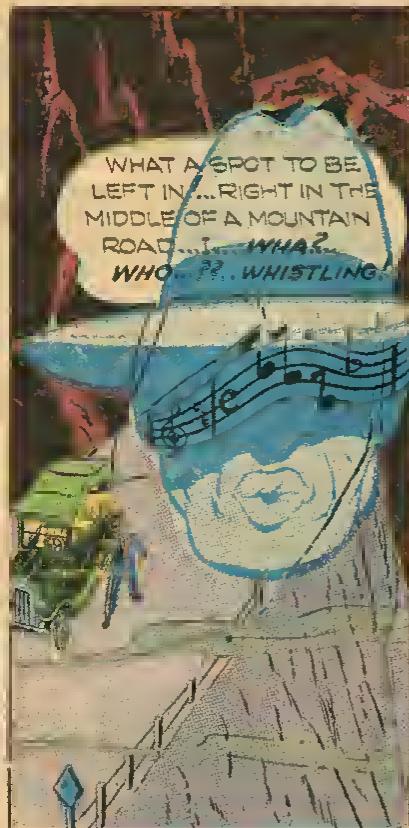


CONSARN IT!...
I'M OUT OF GAS!
YOU WAIT HERE,
SIR... I'LL GO!
FETCH SOME!



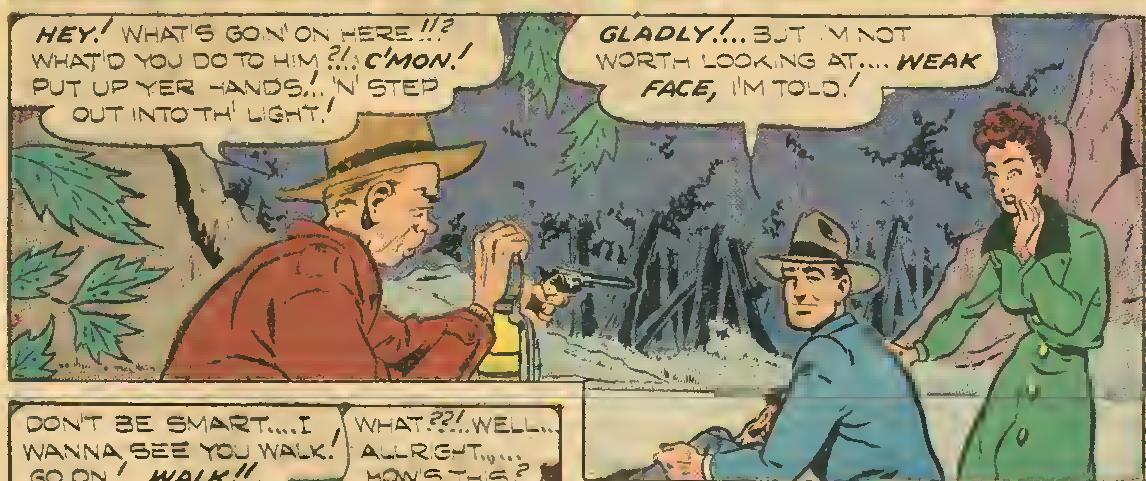
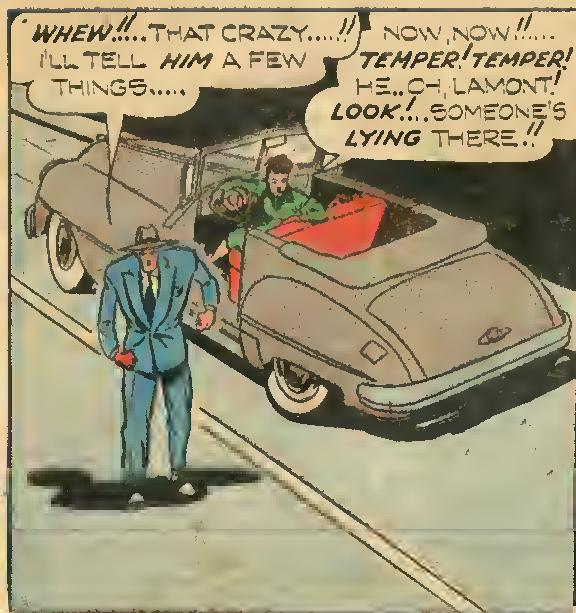
TUNE IN

EACH WEEK TO THE
OF THE
SHADOW



THRILLING ADVENTURES

CONSULT YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPERS
FOR TIME AND STATION



HALF AN HOUR LATER....

LISSEN! HE'S HIM... IT WAS HIM... HE'S COME BACK... DEAD.... BUT HE'S COME BACK....

HE MUST BE DELIRIOUS!

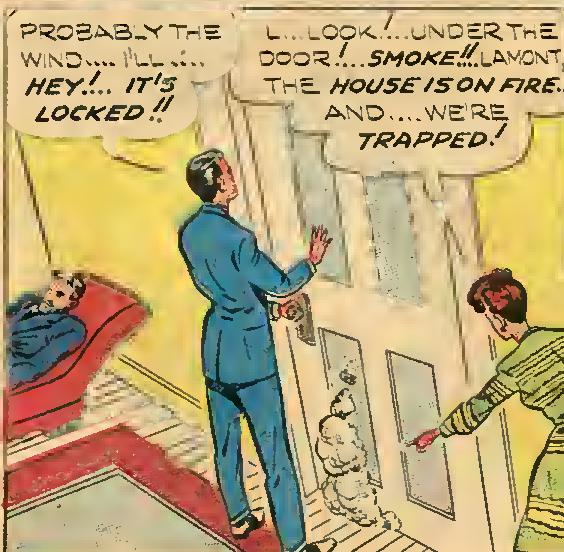
I'M AFRAID HE ISN'T BUT... WILL YOU CALL DR. KRISTEN, SIR?... PHONE'S OUT IN TH HALL... I'LL GET SOME COLD WATER 'N' TOWELS....

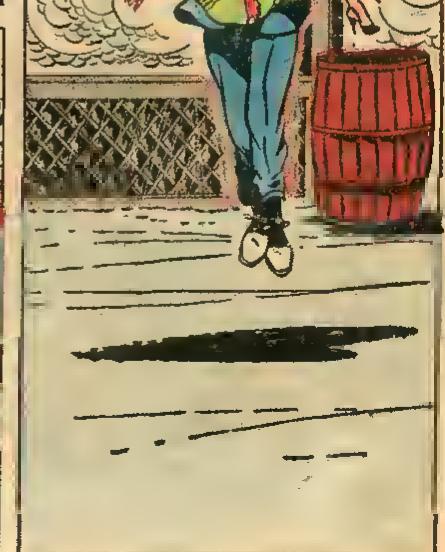
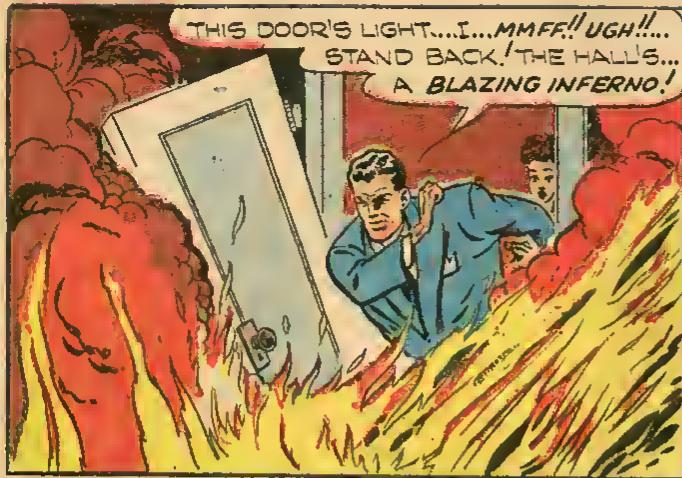
RIGHT!...



HELLO... OPERATOR... DR KRISTEN'S HOUSE
YES! HURRY... HELLO?... DR KRISTEN?
THERE'S BEEN A **BAD ACCIDENT**... WILL
YOU COME AT ONCE TO MR GADY'S
PLEASE?... YES....
THANK YOU!!!!

OH!... LAMONT... DID YOU
SEE THAT MAN WITH THE
CLUBFOOT OUT IN THE
HALL?... THE ONE
WHISTLING
CARMEN?...
WHO?... NO...
WHY?... WHA?...
THE DOOR'S,
SLAMMED!



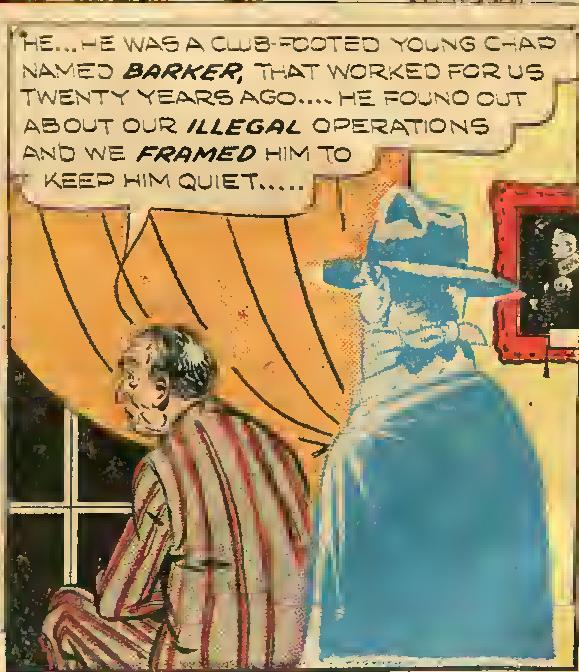




OH...ZAT IS THE NAME THE CEETIZENS HERE GAVE TO ZE FIRM OF WILKINS, HEATH, RANDOLPH AND FRAZIER...ANO THREE OF ZEM 'AVE MET THEIR DEATHS SINCE THIS MORNING!... ONLY MR RANDOLPH EEZ LEFT AND HE CALLED ME ZAT HE ISN'T FEELING WELL...NOTHING CAN BE DONE HERE...I WEEEL, NOTIFY ZE GENDARMERIE AND GO SEE RANDOLPH... YOU WEEZH TO ACCOMPANY ME?...

WHY... NO... THANKYOU, DOCTOR.... GOOD BYE.

GOSH!! IT'S PUZZLING!! THAT'S FOR SURE!... AND I THINK IT'S TIME FOR MR RANDOLPH, THE LAST OF THE FOUR GIANTS OF AMSTERDAM, TO RECEIVE A CALL FROM THE SHADOW!!



THEN WE OFFERED HIM A TRIP TO EUROPE ABOARD A TRAMP STEAMER... AND SENT ALONG A THUG TO PUSH HIM OVERBOARD... HE... HIS MAIMED BODY WAS WASHED UP ON THE BEACH SHORTLY AFTER



THAT WAS TWENTY YEARS AGO, YET... YET HE HAS COME BACK AND HE'S KILLING US OFF ONE BY ONE... I'M NEXT... I KNOW IT!!!

I WILL HELP YOU ESCAPE DEATH, RANDOLPH, BUT I WILL SEE THAT YOU PAY FOR YOUR TWENTY YEAR OLD CRIME AGAINST BARKER!!



BE AT KIRSTEN'S OFFICE AS HE DIRECTED, BUT IN THE MEANTIME, 'PHONE THE POLICE AND TELL THEM TO SMASH IN THE DOCTOR'S DOOR AT EXACTLY 7:45... AND NOW REMEMBER... THE SHADOW IS WATCHING YOU, RANDOLPH... THE SHADOW KNOWS!



THE NEXT MORNING....

JUST LIE DOWN ON ZAT TABLE... I WILL BE RIGHT BACK!...

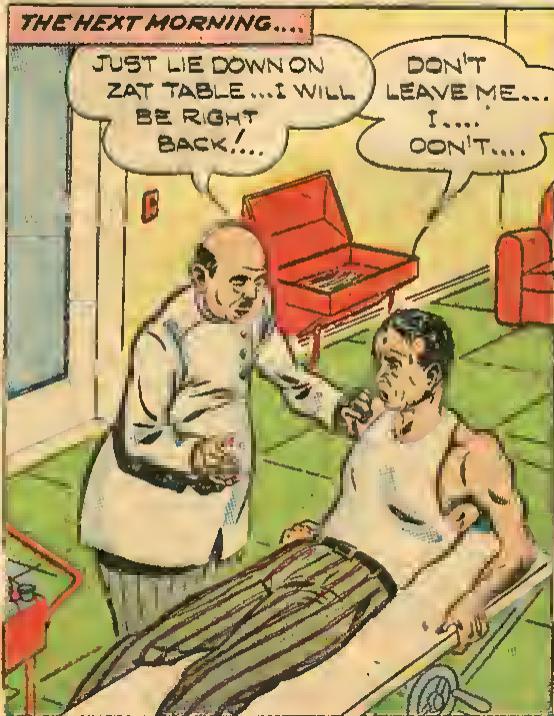
DON'T LEAVE ME... I.... DON'T....

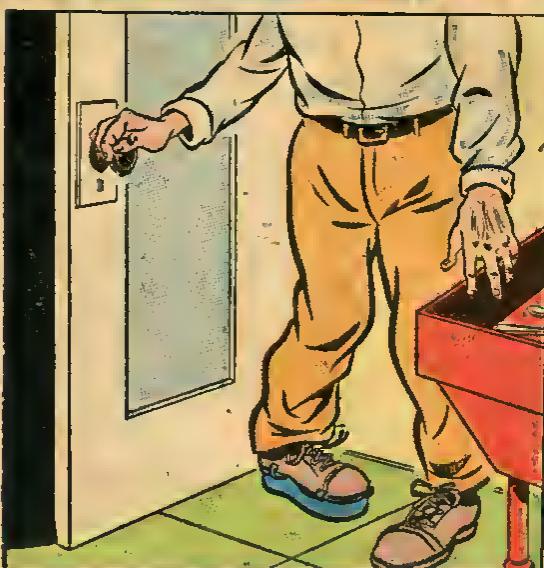
NONSENSE, M'SIEU... I... WHA...?? DO AS HE SAYS, RANDOLPH...

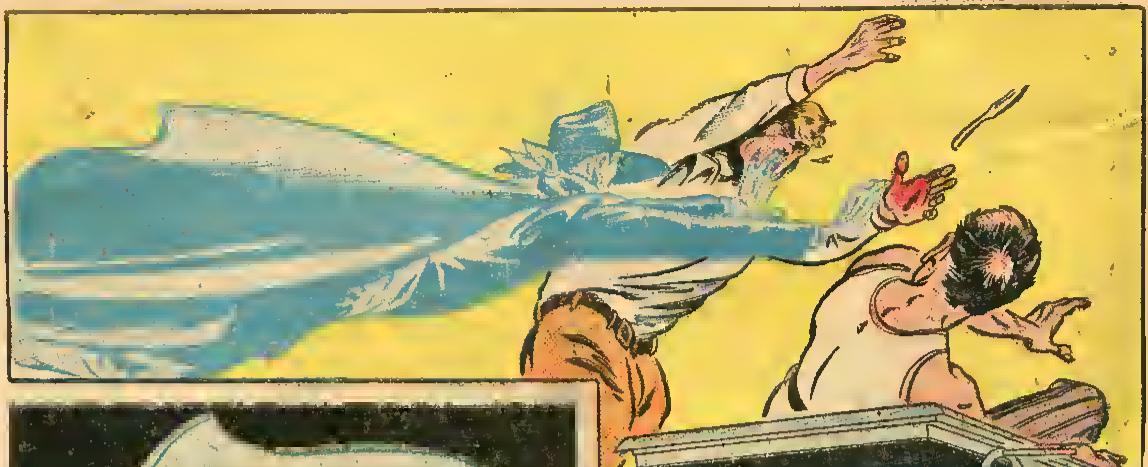
JUST RELAX....

...LL BE RIGHT

BACK....







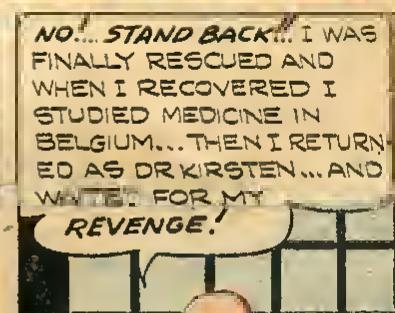
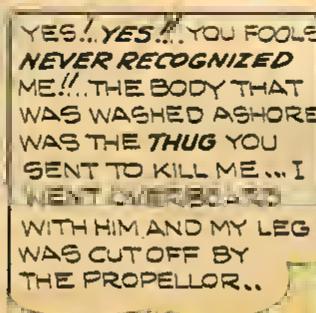
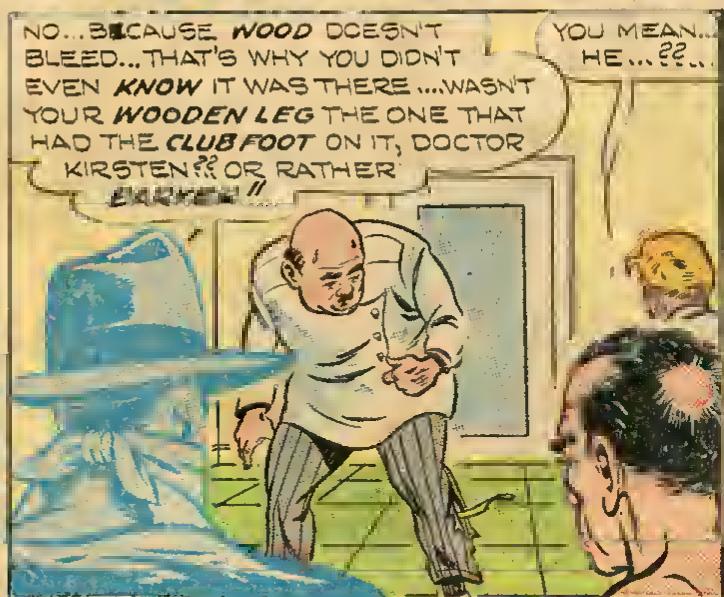
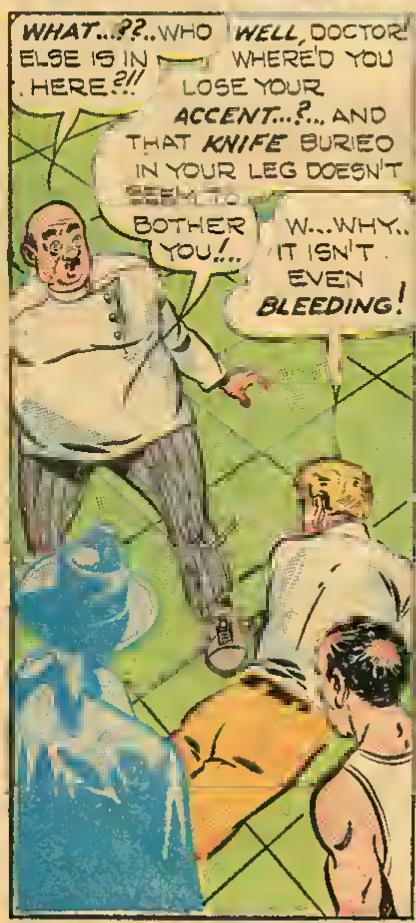
NOW THEN...LET'S SEE WHO BECAUSE I
YOU ARE WELL!! HATED THEM,
BILL GADY!!! THAT'S WHY!! ONCE
WHY...?? I WAS THE FIFTH GIANT
BUT THEY GANGED UP
ON ME...BROKE ME! AND
THEN GIVE ME THE
JOB OF JANITOR....



I USED THE TRICK OF THE CLUB FOOTED
CRIPPLE BECAUSE I WAS ONE OF
THE GIANTS WHO SENT HIM TO
HIS DEATH ...IT MADE A
GOOD DISGUISE.... AND I
WASN'T
BURNED TO
DEATH IN THE
HOUSE BECAUSE I
RAN OUT THE BACK
BEFORE IT
COLLAPSED.

THOUGH IN ANY CASE ...BUT I WAS
I DIDN'T CARE...I HAVE SO WRONG,
LESS THAN A WEEK TO GADY..I RE-
LIVE ANYHOW... CHECKED YOUR
DR KIRSTEN CHARTS AND YOU WILL
SAID SO.... LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO
HANG FOR YOUR CRIMES!





...AND YOU USED ME! YES, GADY! I KNEW YOU HATED THEM AND ONLY FEAR OF DEATH KEPT YOU FROM KILLING THEM... THAT'S WHY I DELIBERATELY SAID YOU HAD LESS THAN A WEEK TO LIVE...



NOW, I'M GOING TO FINISH THE JOB... I'M GOING, RANDOLPH AND GADY, AND BOTH OF YOU ARE GOING WITH ME.... YOU TALK TOO MUCH FELLA!



YAKETY-YAKETY YAK!!!



BUT THIS SHOULD SHUT YOU UP!



AH!! THERE'S THE POLICE.... AND FOR ALL OF YOU IT'S THE END OF THE FOUR GIANTS OF AMSTERDAM!!



...AND THAT'S THE STORY... SO YOU SEE, COMMISSIONER,
THERE WAS A MURDERER MYSTERY.
WHO USED NO WEAPONS BOOKS AREN'T
AT ALL SAVE HIS MYSTERY.
KNOWLEDGE OF BOOKS AREN'T
ANOTHER MAN! SO FAR-FETCHED
AFTER ALL!!



WELL...I JUST DON'T ALLRIGHT!...BUT YOU
CARE FOR 'EM...I OBJECTED TO THE
LIKE A SERIOUS, MYSTERY BOOK I WAS
EDUCATIONAL TELLING YOU ABOUT
BOOK! BECAUSE THE MURDERS
WERE DONE WITH A
POISONED NEEDLE....



YEH...BUT THAT WASN'T
ALL...THOSE CHAPTERS
ON THAT LOVE STUFF
AND...

WHY, COMMISSIONER
HOW DO YOU KNOW
ALL THAT IF YOU
DIDN'T READ
THE BOOK?



WHY I...THAT IS...
I...AWRRGH....



NOW LET'S NOT PRESS THE POINT,
MARGOT! IF THE COMMISSIONER SAYS HE
DOESN'T READ LURID, FANTASTIC MYSTERY
STORIES, HE DOESN'T READ
'EM....AM I RIGHT
COMMISSIONER?!

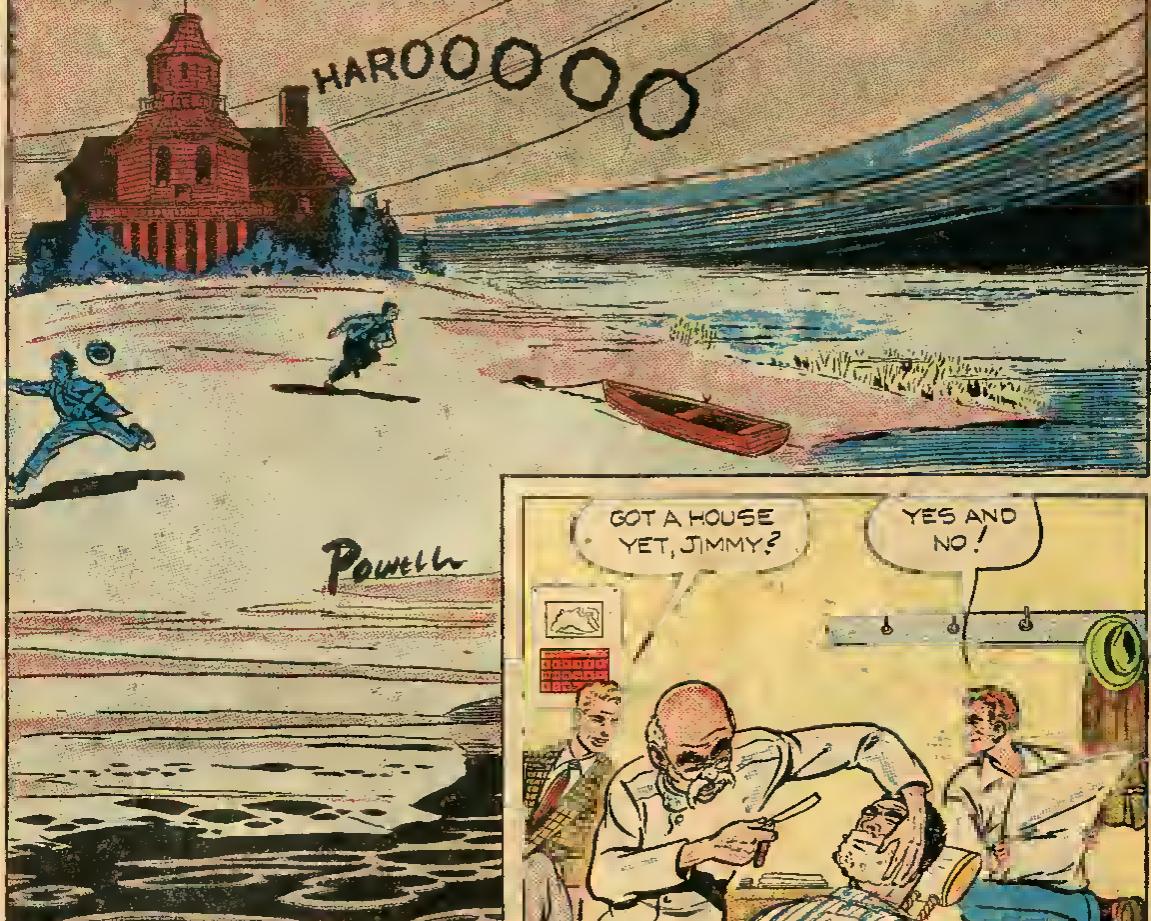


DOC

Savage

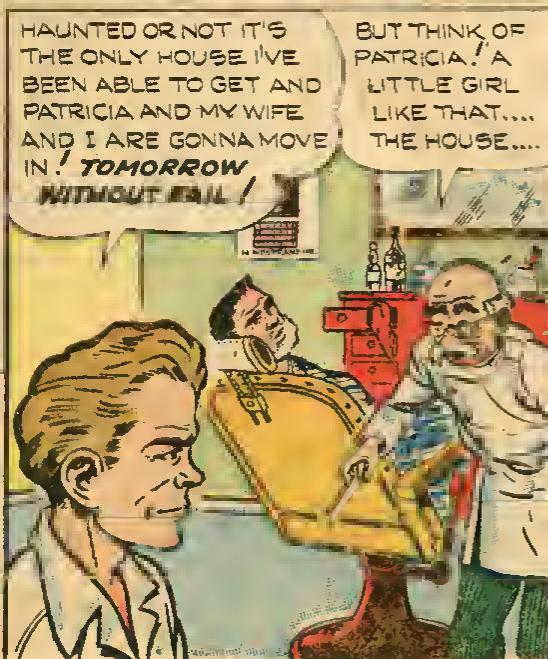
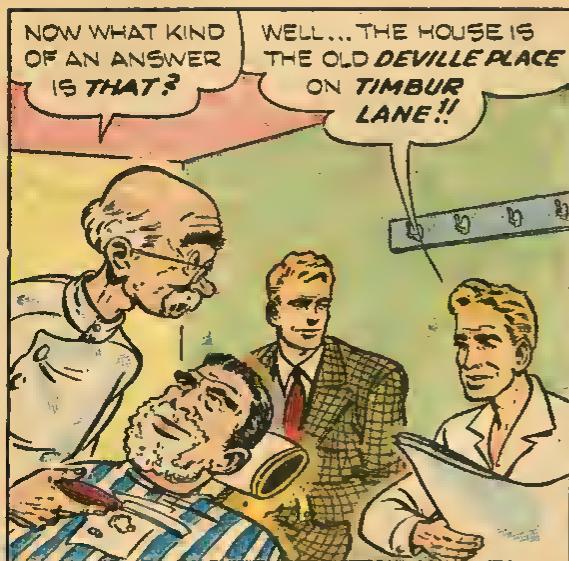
THE

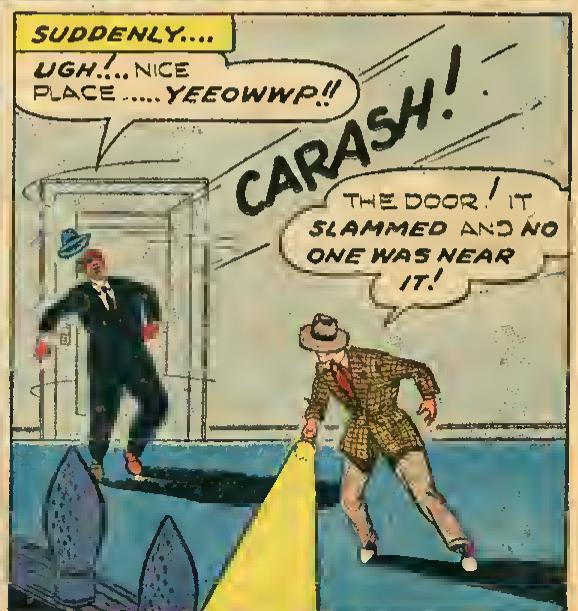
"BOTTLE GHOST"



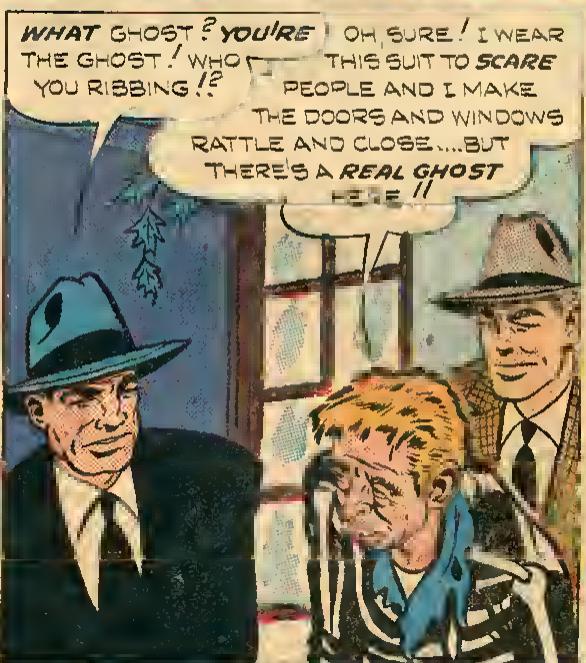
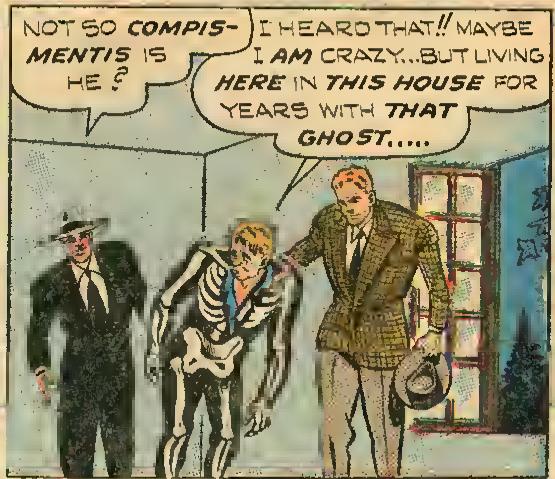
OF COURSE DOC SAVAGE DOESN'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS ANYMORE THAN MONK DOES....BUT THERE WAS THE HISTORIC RECORD OF THAT ANCIENT DOOMED HOUSE...A HISTORY THAT WENT BACK A HUNDRED YEARS.... THE GHOST HAD BEEN AT LARGE FOR ALL THOSE YEARS.....

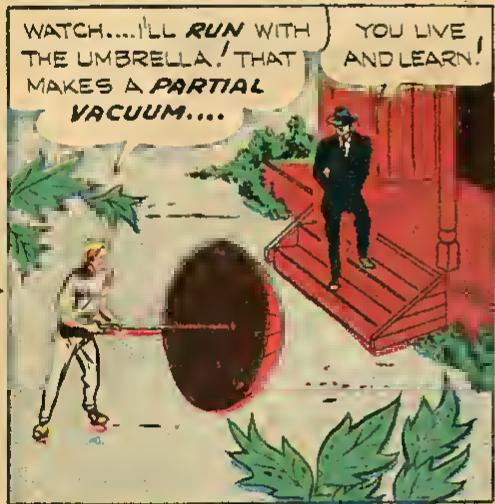






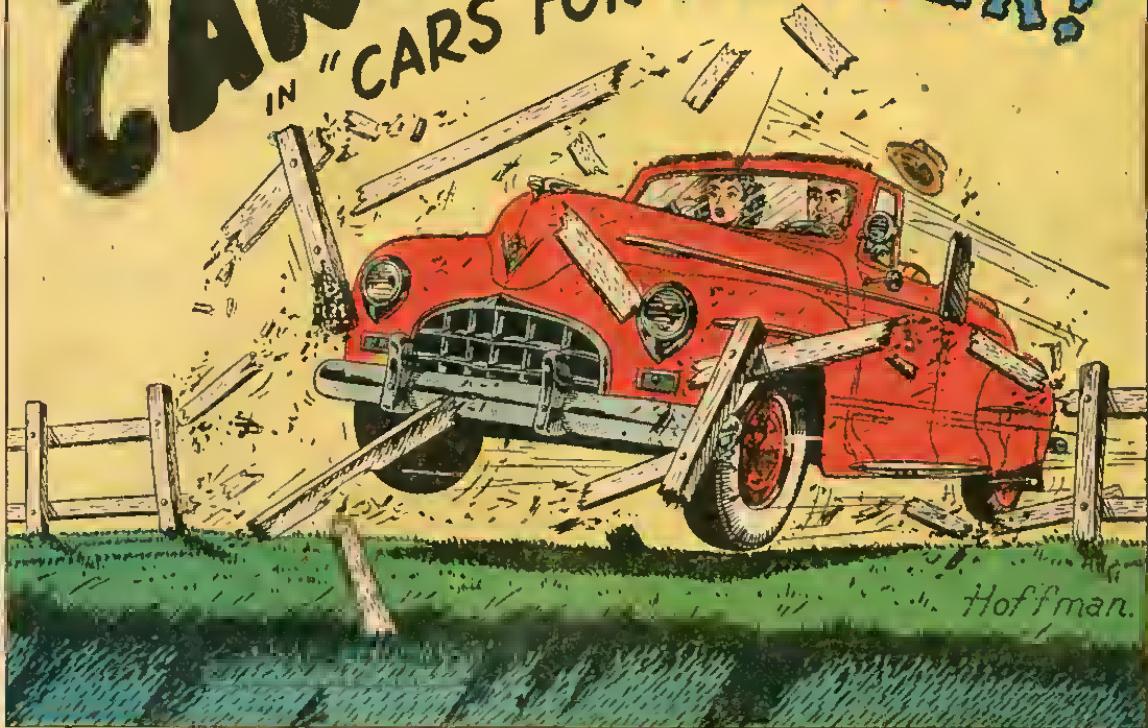




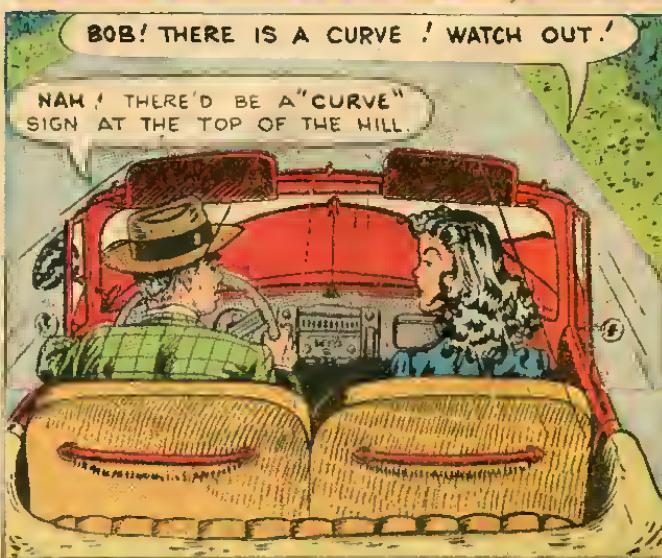


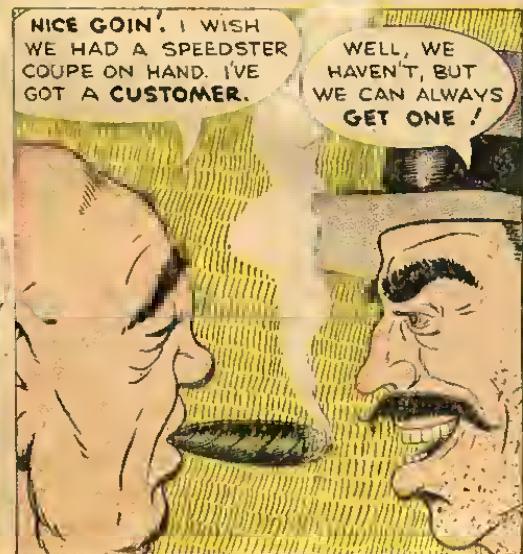
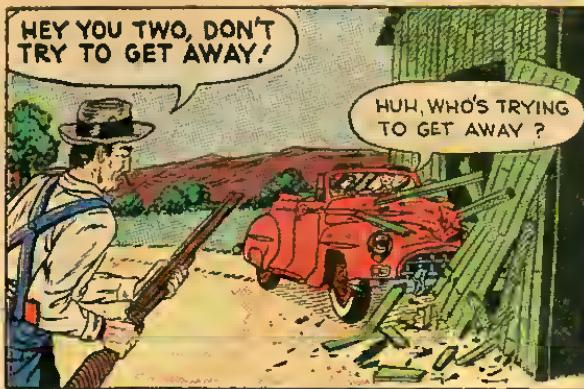
NICK CARTER

IN "CARS FOR MURDER!"



Hoffman.

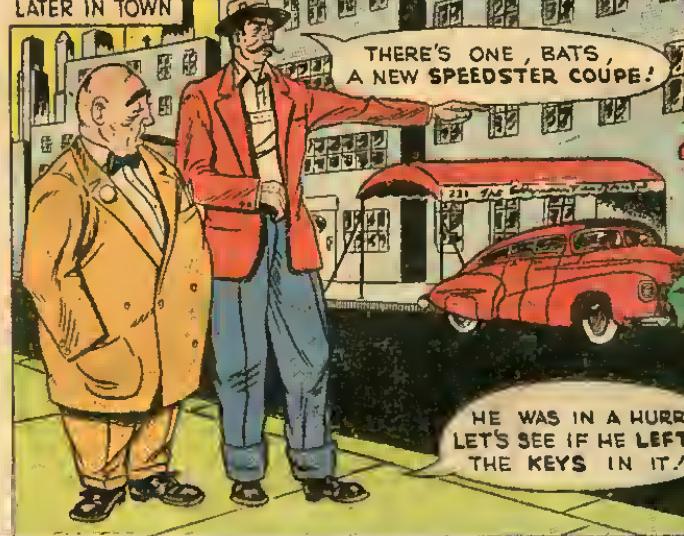




MEANWHILE



LATER IN TOWN



MY INSURANCE COMPANY IS LOSING THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS!

WELL, MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU IF YOU GIVE ME A FREE HAND. HERE'S WHAT YOU DO...

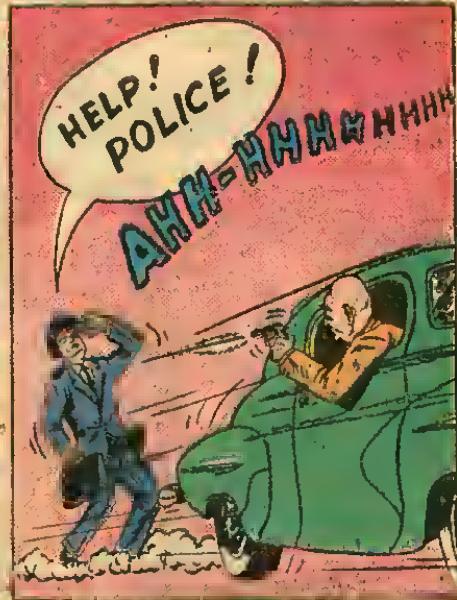


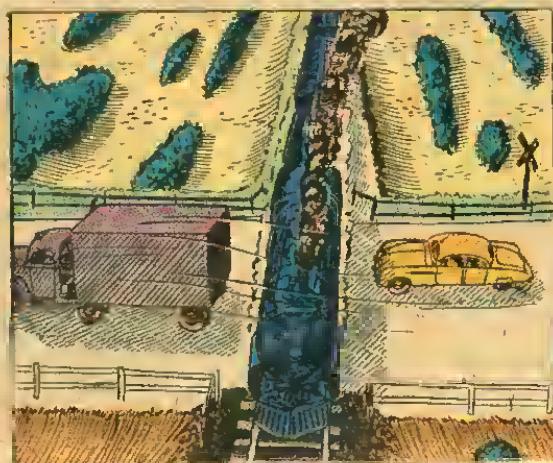
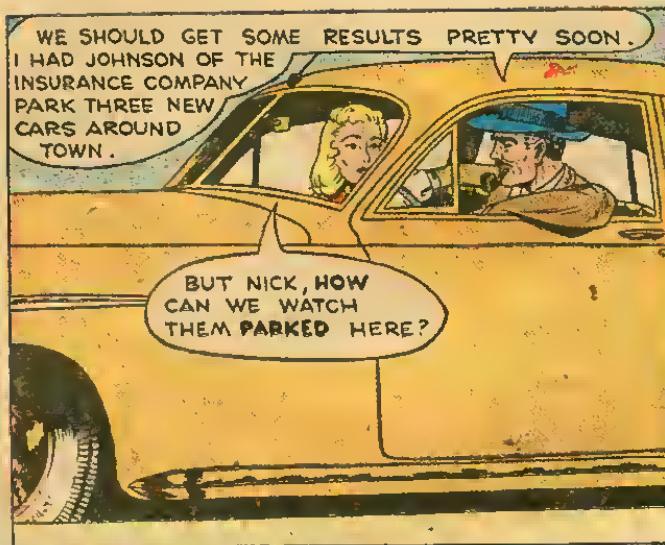
WE'RE IN LUCK BANNON, HE LEFT THE KEY'S LET'S GET GOING!

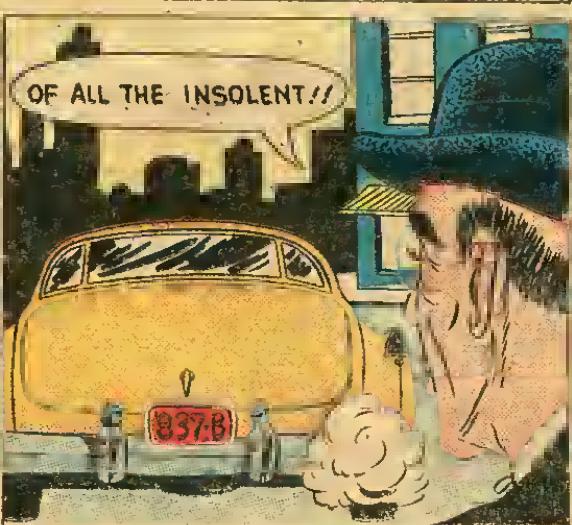
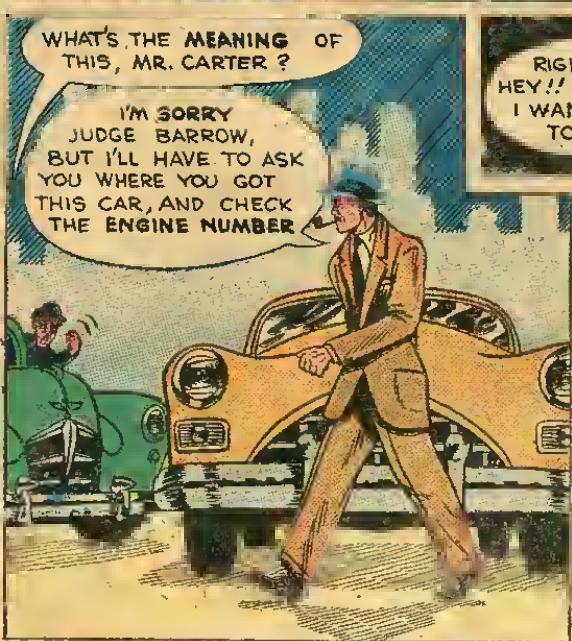
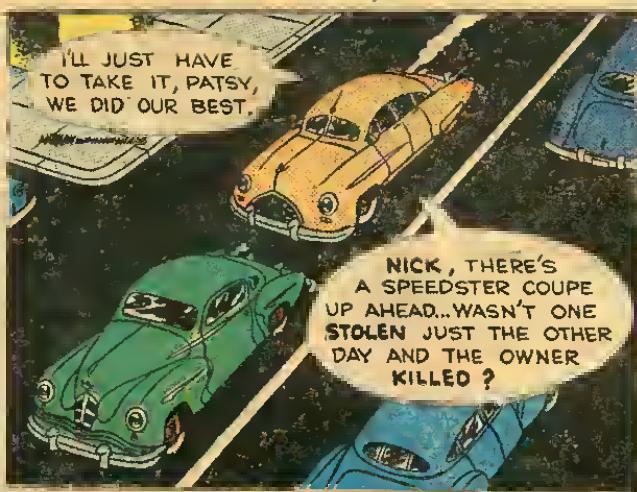
HEY! MY CAR!

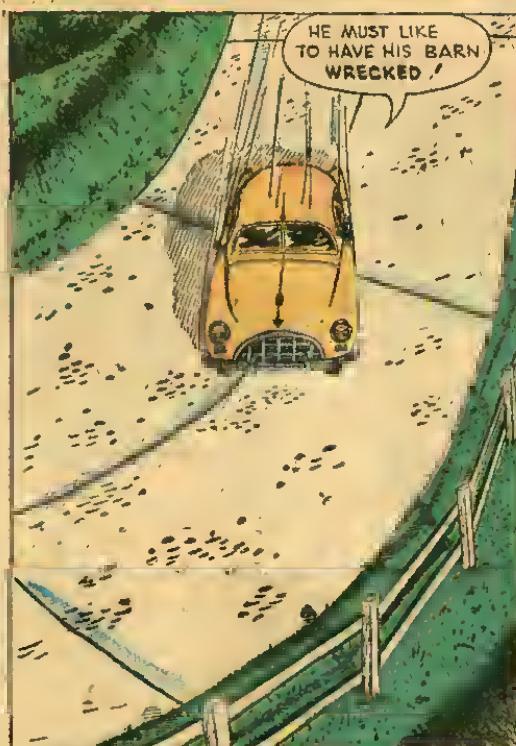
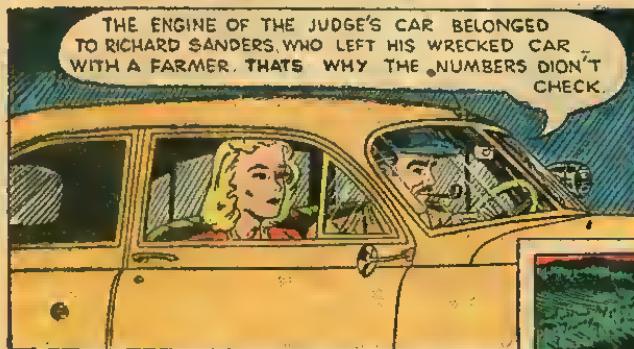
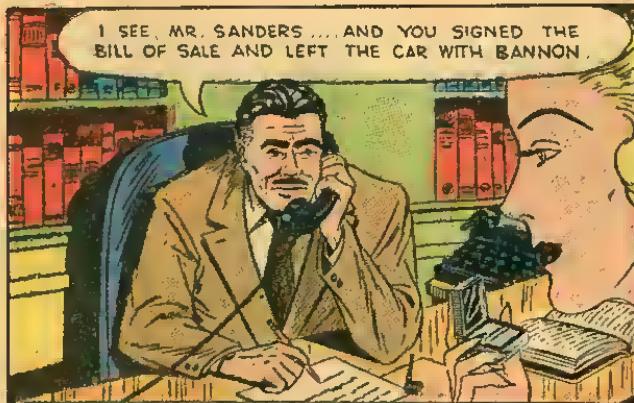


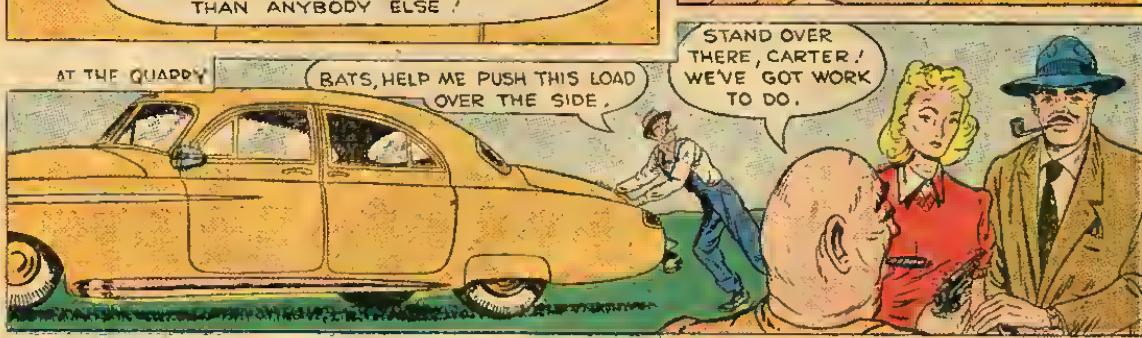
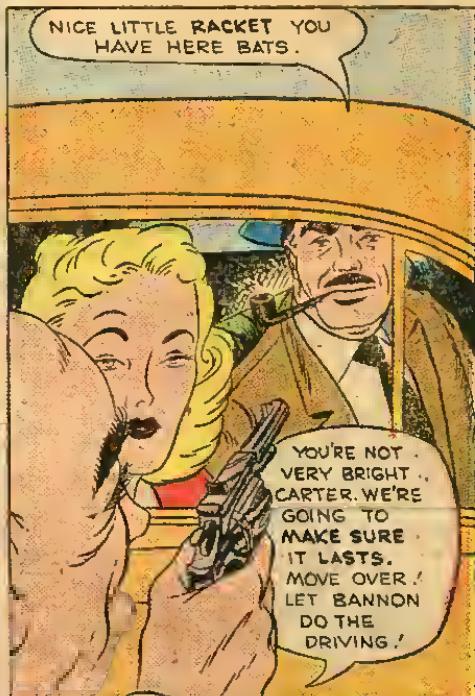
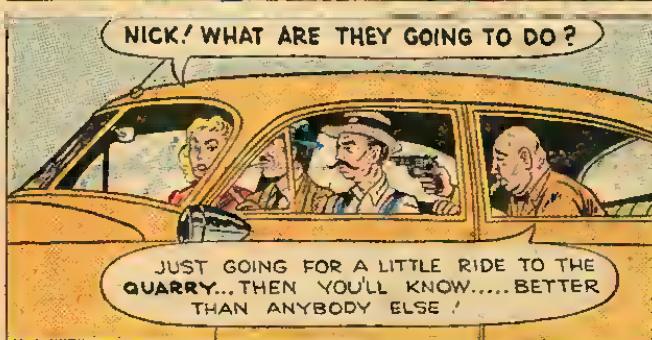
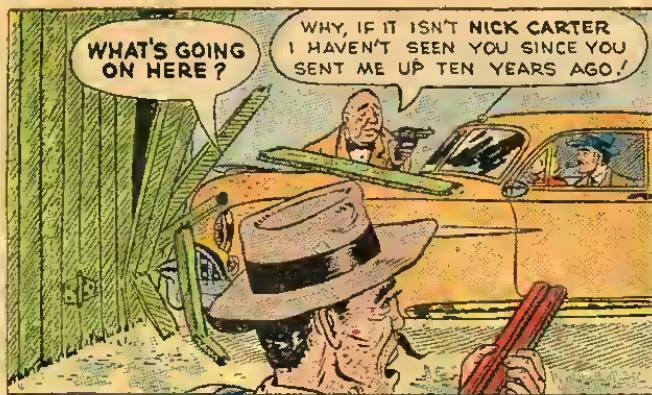
HELP!
POLICE!
AHH-HHHHHHHHH











SUNDAY EVENING
6:30 P.M. EST.

sponsored by

OLD DUTCH
CLEANSER





FROM THE *Shadow's* CRIME FILE



WHAT KIND OF CROOK OWNS THIS ROOM? WHY
WOULD HE HAVE A
FALSE HAND? HE'S
GOT TWO HANDS
OF HIS OWN!

THERE'S ONLY ONE
KIND OF CROOK THAT
WOULD USE
SUCH AN
APPARATUS!

SHOPLIKERS! THEY HOOK THE PHONEY HAND
TO THEIR SLEEVES. IF A SALESMAN LOOKS HE
SEES TWO HANDS HANGING.. THE REAL HAND
COMING OUT HERE,
STEALS THE
MERCANDISE
AND HIDES IT
UNDER THE
COAT!

YIPE! I
SEE!

I GOT HIM.. THIS IS THE
HOTEL SNEAK THIEF
WE'VE BEEN LOOKING
FOR!

G'WAN! I'M
CLEAN, YOU
CAN SEARCH
ME!

SURE HE'S CLEAN.. LOT'S OF HOTEL THIEVES
USE THIS GAG.. THEY LOOT THE ROOM AND
THEN TAPE THE LOOT UNDER A DRAWER
THIS WAY. THEN IF THEY'RE CAUGHT THERE'S
NO EVIDENCE!

IF NOT, THEY
COME BACK
AND GET IT!

GEE, MR. CRANSTON, YOU'VE
WISSED ME UP A LOT FOR
A ROOKIE
COP!

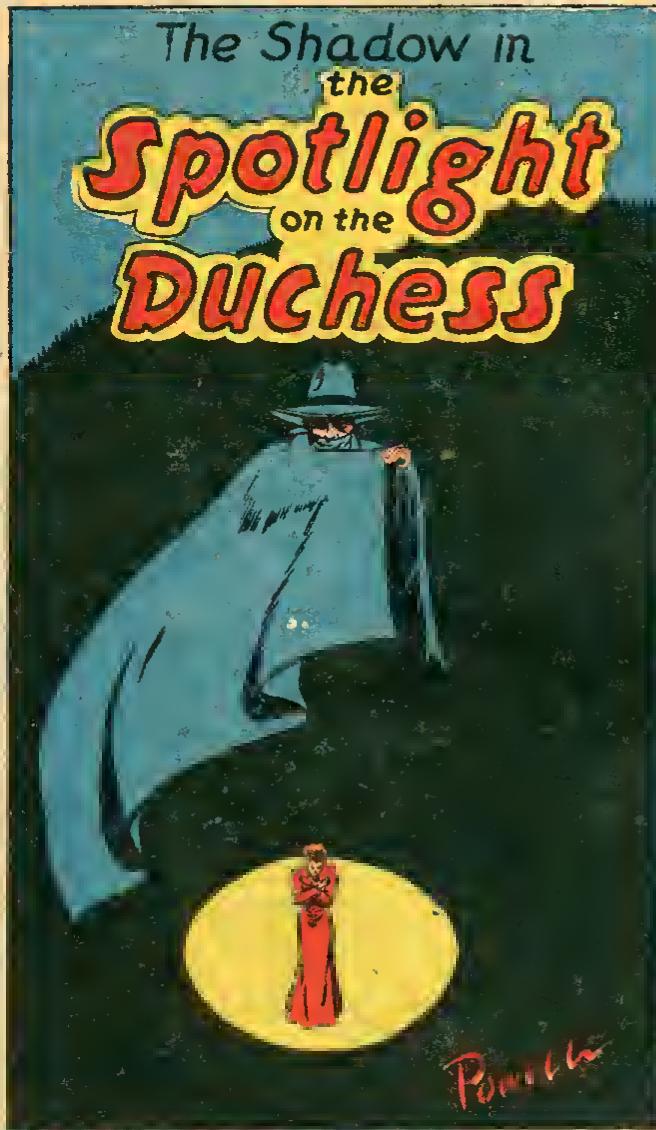
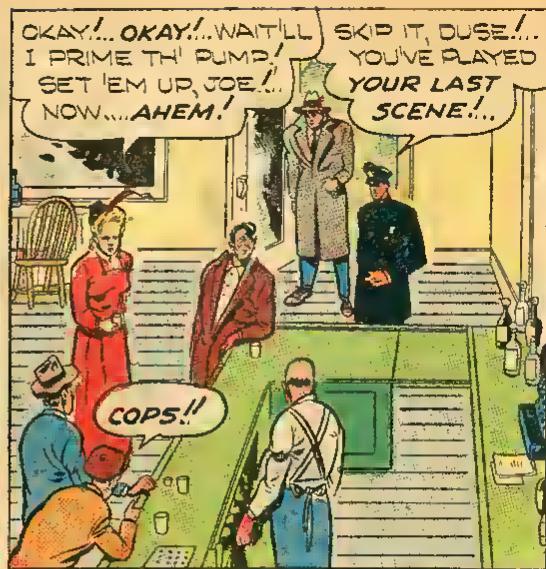
THERE'S A LOT MORE.. FOR
INSTANCE, WHAT DO THOSE
CHALK MARKS MEAN?

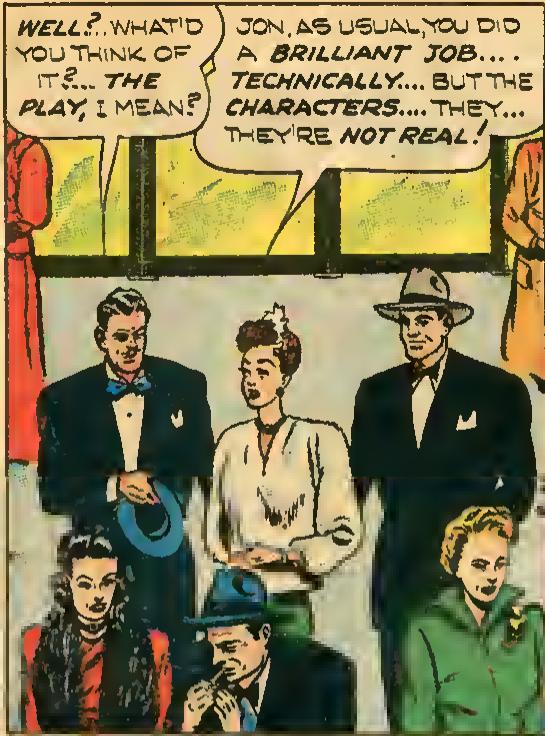
YOU GOT ME, LOOKS
LIKE SOME KIDS
SCRIBBLED THERE!
OH NO.. THOSE ARE
TRAMP MARKS.. THEY
MEAN, "LOOK OUT FOR
BUTLER COOK IS EASY
MARK.. GIVE HER STORY
AND SHE'LL FEED YOU!"

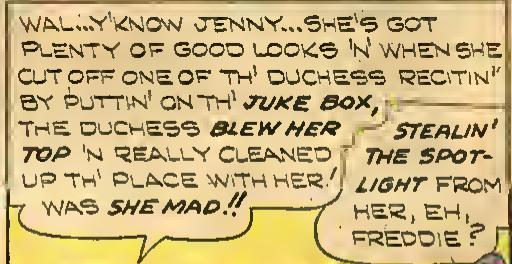
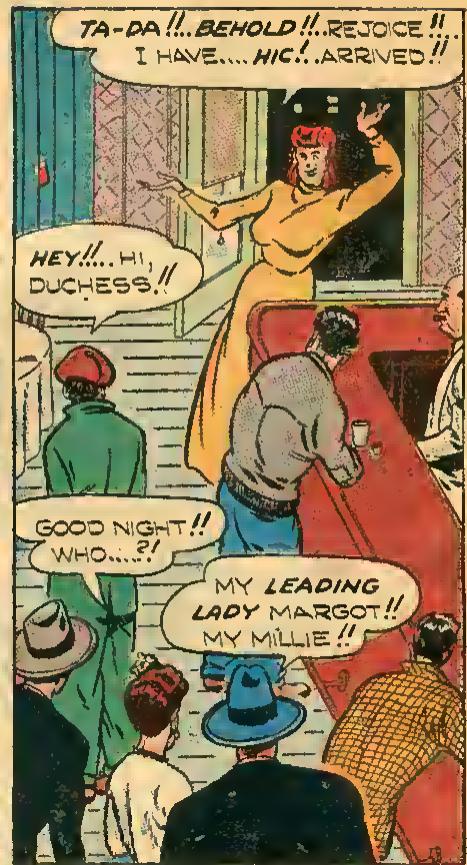
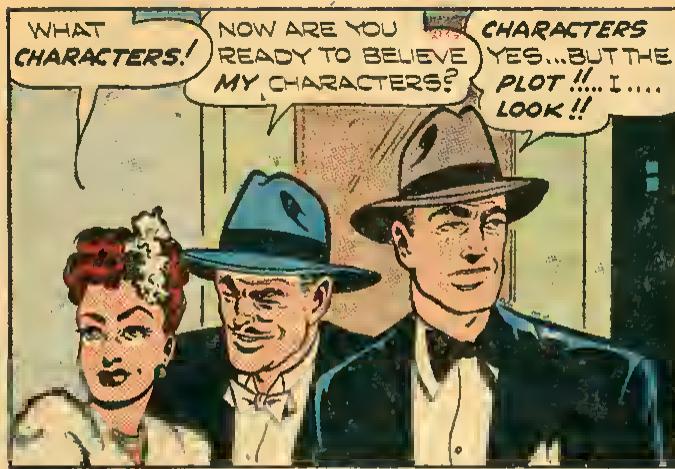
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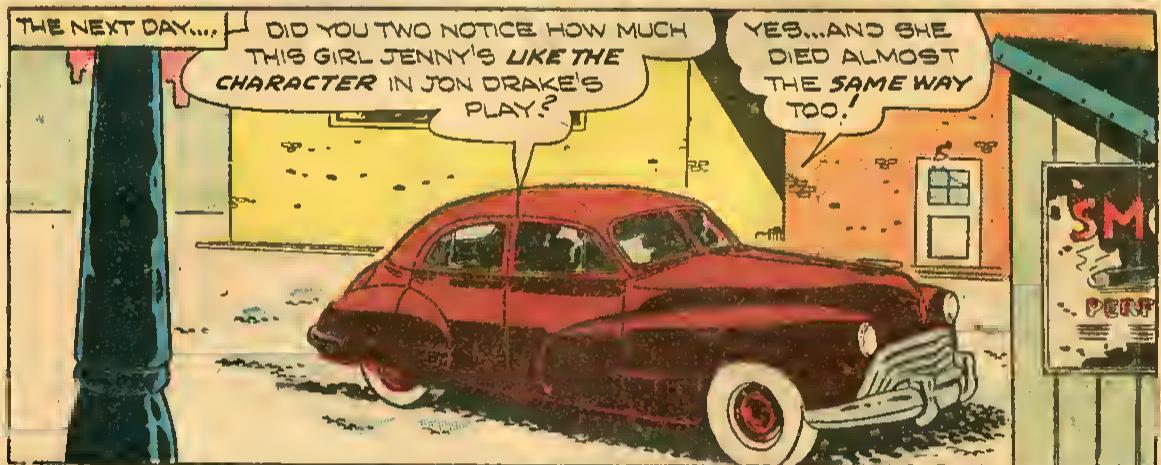
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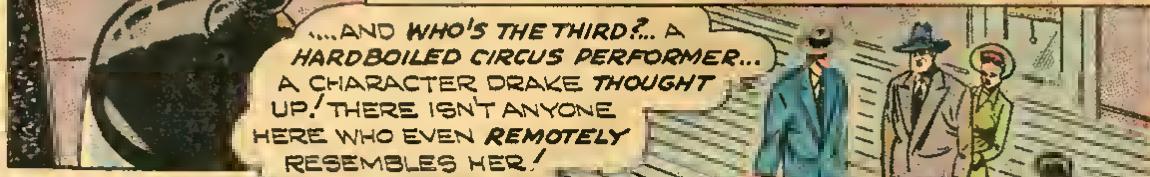
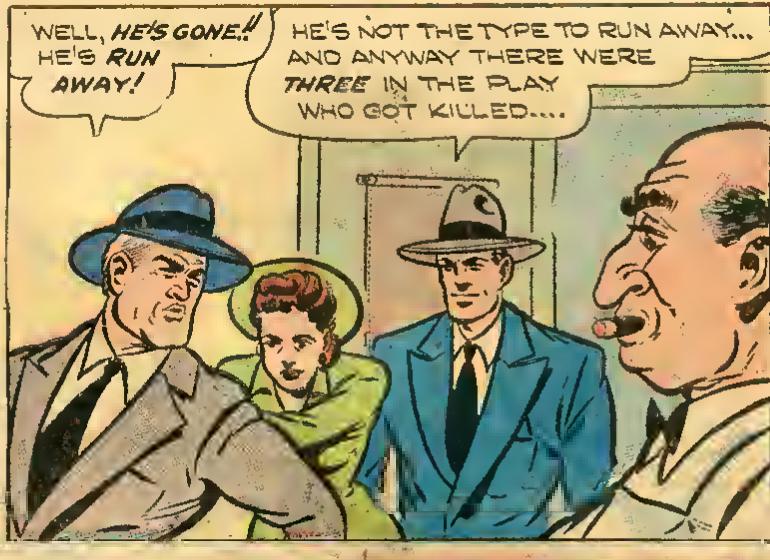


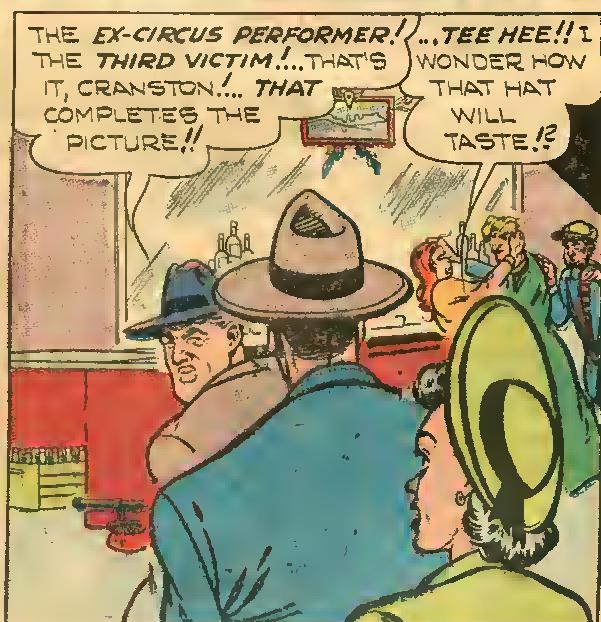
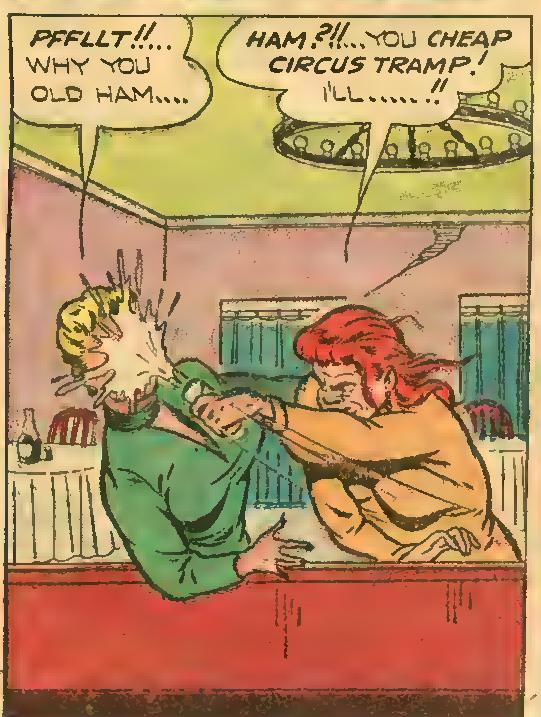












SOME TIME LATER....

...WHAT A DETECTIVE!!
LET'S GO SIT UNDER
THAT WRONG TREE
YOU'VE BEEN
BARKING UP!

OH, STOP IT!! I STILL THINK I'M
RIGHT!! I CAN'T BELIEVE JON
IS THE KILLER!! HIS DIS-
APPEARING LIKE THAT... IT
DOESN'T RING
TRUE....

I HAVE A HUNCH THAT
BLANCHE WOMAN KNOWS
SOMETHING AND BY GOSH...
I'M GOING TO FIND OUT...AS
THE SHADOW!!



BLANCHE LA TOUR, YOU'RE FRIGHTENED....
SCARED TO DEATH! BECAUSE YOU KNOW
THAT YOU'RE MARKED TO DIE NEXT....
DON'T YOU?



DEAD!!...SNIFF!!...POISON!!...
AND THIS PAPER WRAPPED
AROUND THE BOTTLE...IT'S
THE SAME SPECIAL KIND
THAT JON USES FOR
HIS MANUSCRIPTS!!

BUT WHO ELSE WOULD...??
WAIT!! THE DUCHESS!! OF
COURSE... SHE FOUGHT
WITH ALL THREE.. SHE HAD
MOTIVE... AND I AM
GOING TO PAY HER
A VISIT!!



MACBETH!!! HAD HE NOT
RESEMBLED MY FATHER
AS HE SLEPT... I HAD
DONE IT!!

"I HAVE DONE
THE DEAD! DIDST
THOU NOT HEAR
A NOISE?"



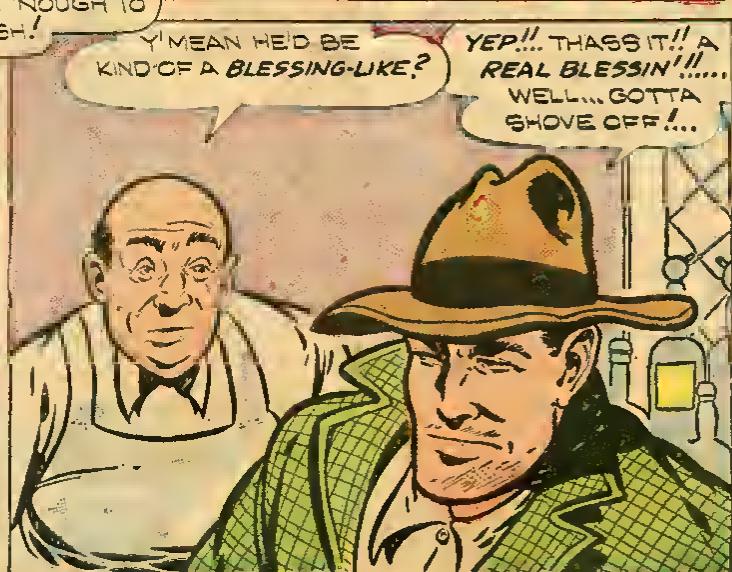
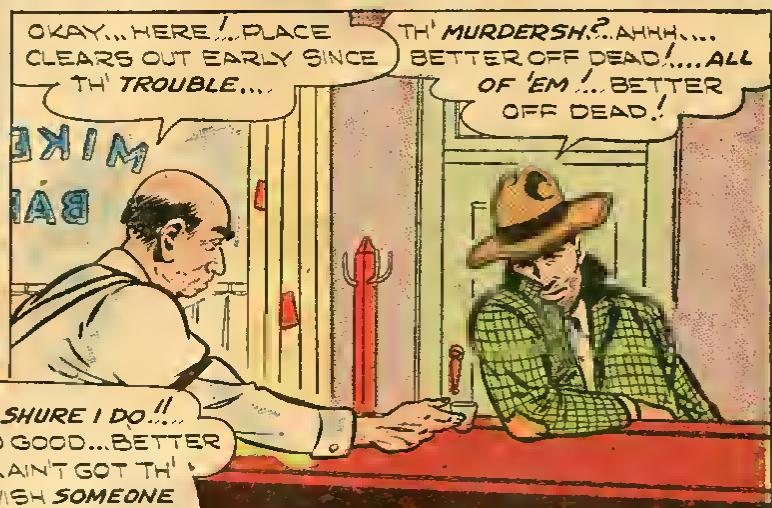
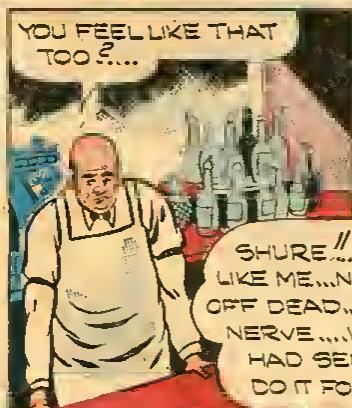
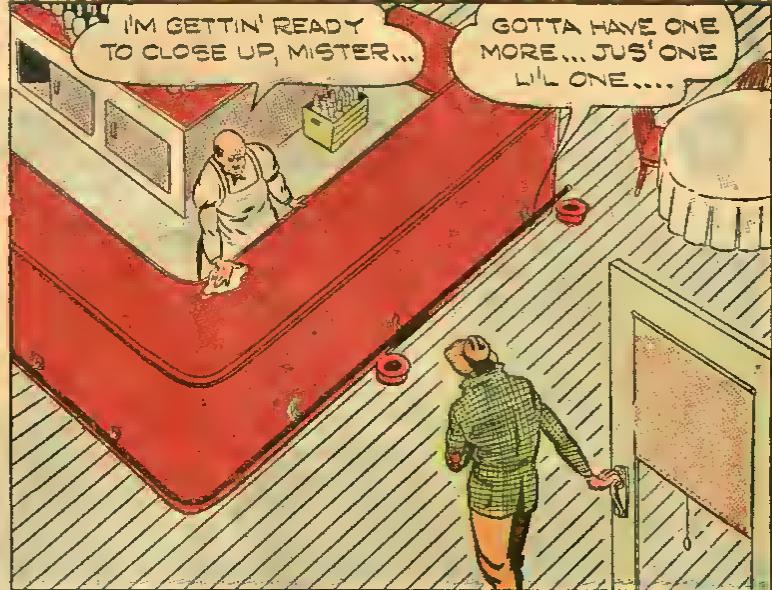
AWK!! WHOF!!...MY NERVES!

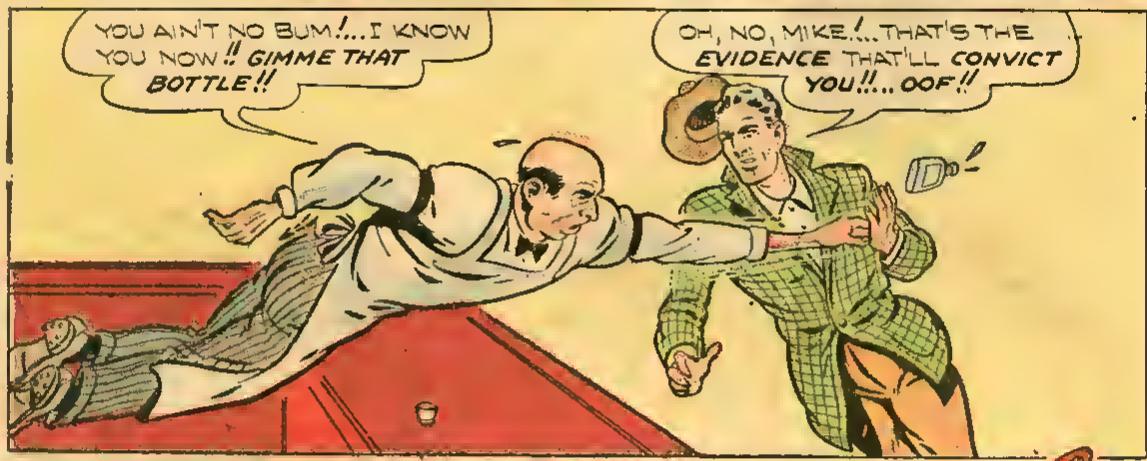
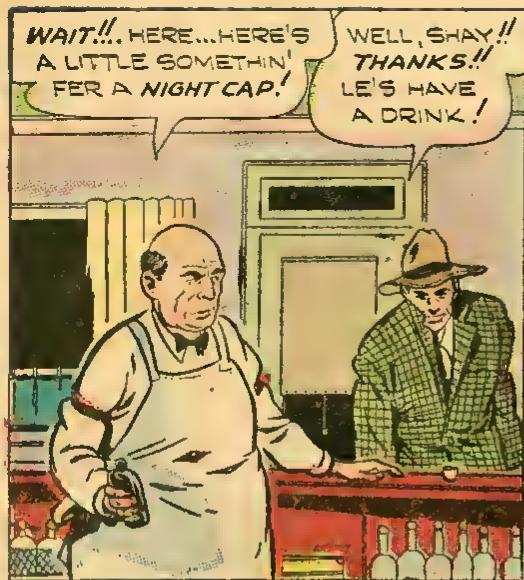
NO, DUCHESS!
THE SHADOW!!
AND I'VE COME FORTHE
TRUTH!!... DID
YOU KILL
THOSE
THREE?!!
ANSWER!!

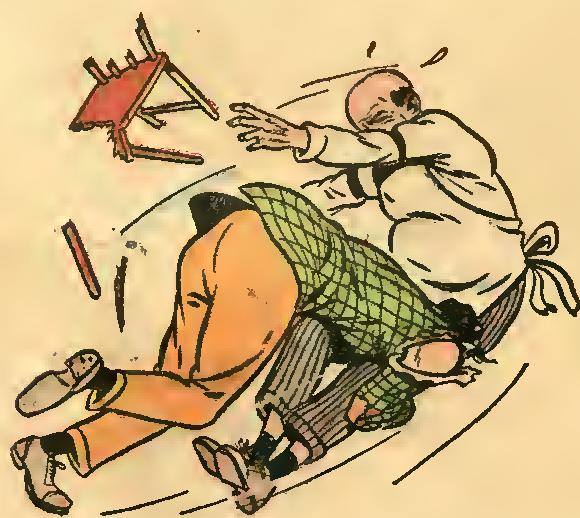


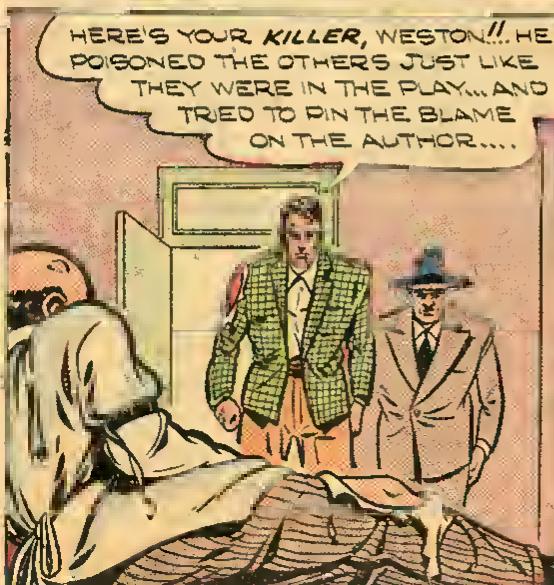
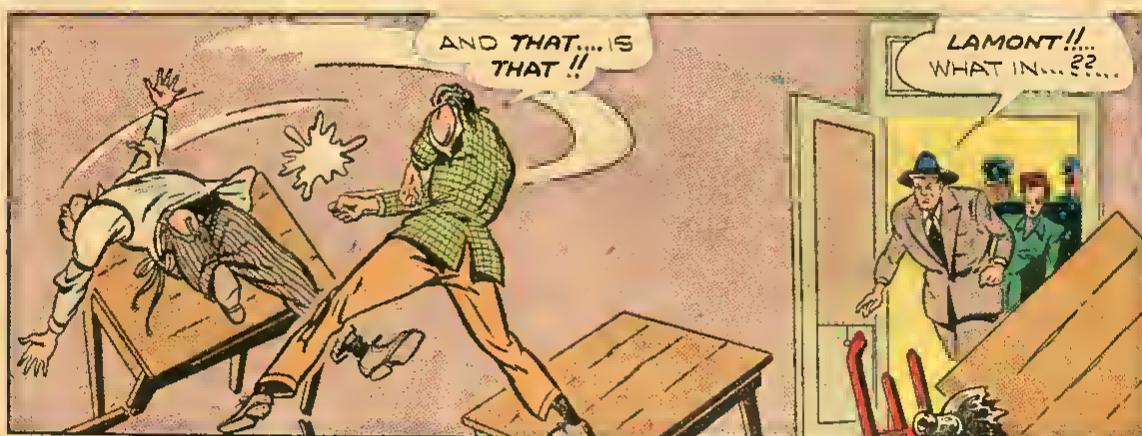
NO! NO! NO!! I SWEAR IT!!
FIND HIM... THE PLAYWRIGHT...
FIND HIM... SEARCH THE
PLACE WHERE THE
MURDERS HAVE BEEN
PLOTTED... AND YOU'LL
FIND THE KILLER... HE'S
BEEN THERE
RIGHT ALONG! AT MIKE'S
BAR?!...
RIGHT!!













Shadow Comics

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

EDITOR: Wm. J. deGronwy

ASSOC. EDITOR: H. Schwartz

THE MURDEROUS SPELLING BEE!

"The killer stood in the doorway and watched his victim. Bedrick, his life's blood ebbing from his pumping heart, reached out feebly for his son's toys.

"His weak fingers scrabbled at the set of spelling blocks. He pulled four of them to him. The killer poised for flight allowed himself the luxury of a sneer. He walked back to the dying man and watched as with his last breath the man tried to spell out a message. His hands were unequal to the task. They fell to the floor.

"The last sight that Bedrick saw as death claimed him was his murderer casually kicking the blocks across the room. His gesture had been a futile one . . ."

Nick Carter paused at this point and said to the members of the Inner Circle, "At least that's the way I reconstruct the scene. No one will ever know really if that was the way it happened. But it seems probable."

Chick Carter, foster son of Nick, said, "If the killer had known that you were going to be called in on the case, dad, he might have done more than kick those four blocks across the room."

Shrugging, Nick said, "It was all a bluff, you realized that, didn't you?"

"Sure but the killer didn't and that was the important thing . . ." Chick said.

"It was an unhappy household that we entered," Nick went on. "Mrs. Bedrick was under a doctor's care for a heart ailment. Their child was in the hospital and the husband and father lay dead in the child's nursery with a bullet in his chest.

"Mrs. Bedrick introduced us to her doctor, a man named Louis Vierre. He left the room

with me and cautioned me that Mrs. Bedrick must be protected at all costs or she too might die. I could see that Dr. Vierre knew what he was talking about. Her lips were purplish grey, sure sign of a bad heart. I promised the doctor that I would hurry the investigation along as much as I could.

"Chick and I left the doctor with his patient and went into the pathetic scene in the nursery. There, on the floor, surrounded by his infant's toys, Mr. Bedrick lay dead.

"The bullet which had killed him was no help, for when the medical examiner had turned in his report it turned out that the .38 bullet had come from Bedrick's own gun. There were no fingerprints on the gun which the killer had thrown on the floor not far from the body.

"I have rarely seen as clueless a scene of violence. It was Chick who pointed out that although most of the alphabet blocks were near the child's crib, four of the blocks were scattered on the far side of the nursery.

"The blocks were certainly very little to go on, but that was all we did have. I examined them. Wooden blocks perhaps two inches square. They were eye witnesses to murder . . . if they could but speak they could name the killer.

"As I looked at the blocks I spelled out the letters on them. L-I-V-E. Four blocks. Four letters. It wasn't till I picked them up and turned them over that I began to get a little excited. On the bottom of each of the blocks there was a thin line of red. The only red in the room was the spreading horrid patch of crimson surrounding Bedrick's body.

"This meant that the blocks had been near

Bedrick. Somehow after Bedrick was shot these blocks were pushed, kicked, thrown, I couldn't know how, away from the body, away from the stain . . ."

Chick interrupted, "I stood there and watched dad. He stared at the blocks, then set them out in a row. Instinctively I spelled out the word he formed. The letters spelled 'live.' Nick seemed dissatisfied. He rearranged the letters. This time they spelled, 'veil.' He stared at this formation for a while then scowled. He rearranged them a third time and looked even more unhappy. This time the combination of the same four letters spelled, 'evil.'"

"Evil it was. An evil, wicked crime," Nick said. "But the word didn't help."

"Sure it did. It cracked the case for you!" Chick kidded his foster father.

"Not for a couple of days it didn't." Nick turned to the members of the Inner Circle and said, "You understand that operating as a free lance operator I can do things that the police can't. But just so the police with their official machinery can get results which would be impossible for me acting by myself.

"The police dug around in the background of the people involved. They saw Mr. Bedrick's will. That supplied the motive. Without that I don't think I ever would have won out in this murderous spelling bee!"

"G'wan," Chick kidded, "sure you would have, that just helped, that's all."

"Knowing the motive from the will," Nick went on as though Chick hadn't interrupted, "I framed up a bluff. I went out and got an actor friend of mine to help: I cued him on what he was to do.

"I didn't want to upset Mrs. Bedrick so I set up the scene in Dr. Vierre's office. Chick, a police lieutenant and my actor friend and I all arrived at the doctor's office at eight o'clock. I took the initiative. I introduced the actor as an eye witness to the crime.

"I said that he had been passing by the Bedrick home on the night of the murder. I said too, that he was a burglar and that he had been 'casing' the house when to his astonishment he saw a murder committed in

front of his startled eyes. At that point I had my actor friend take over.

"He described looking into the nursery and seeing two men, one of whom had a gun in his hand. He said that the killer shot Bedrick in the back. Then he described the scene that I have already pictured for you of the dying man reaching out for his child's spelling blocks.

"As my friend told his convincing lie I watched the doctor. There was no sign of a crack in his stern, set poker face. I took the baby's blocks from a package and placed them in front of my friend. I asked him to spell out, with the blocks, what he had seen the dying man spell.

"The actor took the blocks and didn't spell evil, or veil, or live. He spelled what Bedrick had tried to spell. He laid the blocks out slowly one by one . . . L. Vie . . ."

Chick said, "Right then the fireworks went off. Nick said 'You see, doctor, we know that Bedrick was trying to spell your name. L. for Louis . . . Vie . . . the beginning of Vierre. But you interrupted his spelling!'

"That broke him. It completely convinced him that the eyewitness was legitimate. He signed a confession," Nick said.

"Beef," Chick said, "still looks worried. Is it about the motive?"

Nodding Beef said, "Yes, what was in the will? Why would a doctor commit a murder?"

"For money I'm afraid," Nick said solemnly. "You see, Bedrick had named the doctor as his executor in the event of his and his wife's death. The doctor knew how ill Mrs. Bedrick was and hoped that the shock of her husband's death would kill her too. That would have left the doctor in control of the infant's fortune!"

Nick said grimly, "And I fear that the infant would not have lived too long under the gentle doctor's care!"

"Ugh," Chick said, "it was a nasty case all around. The doctor committed suicide before he was brought to trial."

"Next month," Nick said in conclusion, "I'll try to have a more cheerful story to tell you."

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HELMET

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SOME FUN WITH THE
GANG TONIGHT AT
THE MASQUERADE

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SURE HAS THE
GIRLS ALL AGOG
WHO IS HE
AND WHERE
DID HE GET
THAT MASK?

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